Homeless Peer Awaiting a "Thick Ear," Page 1195.

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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FRESH!

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Royalty and Provincial Tours.

The King and Queen are shortly going to Hull to open the new dock. We hope the good fathers of Hull will look after Their Majesties well. King Edward used to be fond of retailing his father's story of his visit to Yorkshire in 1848. The Prince Consort never forgot his treatment there. He had gone to York to open the Royal Agricultural Society's show. The Prince was himself "on show" amongst the beasts soon after five o'clock in the morning, and all day long he was performing functions of an arduous character.

In the evening there was a great dinner, which the Prince Consort said was "infamous—without method, and without viands! No wine, muddy water, no potatoes, the fish without sauce. Heaven defend my stomach!" Queen Victoria was very indignant with the way her delicate husband had been treated, and never went to York again. After this "infamous" repast the Prince went on to the grand Ball which had been arranged, and the Lord Mayor, feeling conscience-stricken, asked the Prince to go on at midnight to his own banquet at the Guildhall. The Prince point blank declined. Provincial tours are no jokes to Royalties!

* * *

The Kaiser Slobbering Over the Archduke's Lady

The German Emperor is nothing if not opportunist! He knows the value of the Triple Alliance, which binds his kingdom to Austria and Italy, and thus intercepts a complete military and defensive barrier right across Europe. This year the Triple Alliance has to be ratified for another term of years, and His Imperial Majesty finds that the Balkan wars have seriously damaged the *rapprochement* which formerly existed between himself and his southern allies. So His Imperial Majesty has gone off to Corfu, but has taken every advantage of the trip to rub shoulders with the Sovereigns of Austria and Italy, and when he met the Austrian Heir-Apparent there was no end of slobbering and kow-towing!

By the side of the Archduke stood his morganatic wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, and though she can never be a Queen or Empress, the Kaiser seized her hand and kissed it low, as if she had been another Marie Therese or Catherine! After all, William-the-Second-to-None is the true Peacemaker! So long as the Triple Alliance stands good, our own alliance with France and Russia isn't worth much!

* * *

Plight of the American Ambassador.

Readers of *Modern Life* know, of course, that this season the American peeresses are under a cloud. Since our exclusive information about the event that caused the Royal displeasure appeared, two of the Yankee peeresses have returned to New York; one (Lady Barrymore) has gone off to Spain, and two (Lady Leith of Fyvie and Lady Cheylesmore) have gone to the Riviera. To this position now has to be added the plight of the American Ambassador, Mr. Walter Hines Page, who has been the subject of many cables of late which will never see the "light o' day." For the moment Mr. Page has been "white-washed" by Aberdeen University, which has "doctored" and capped him as if he had been a conquering hero from the Antarctic or land of the Mullah and the Mahdi!

Nevertheless, I hear that Mr. Page is in the position having several rich men in New York who are keen on taking his job, and as he has not been a conspicuous success in London, there is every probability that he will within a few months follow the two American peeresses "out West"! Mr. Page began badly. He was no sooner appointed to the London embassy in the place of the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid, than a reporter asked him if he would put on the ambassadorial trappings when he got to London. "No fear"! replied the arrogant New Yorker. "No knee-breeches and silk stockings for me"!

* * *

What His Excellency Remembered.

Mr. Page soon altered his tone when he got here, however. They put up the big Duke of Somerset to give Mr. Page his first Society dinner, and the Duke and Duchess of Somerset are *it* in the entertaining world. All around were the smartest people amongst the bloods of England. Mr. and Mrs. Hines Page quickly saw the absurdity of trying to score off the people of a monarchical nation where the customs of Society are the result of a thousand years' study, and tactfully bowed the knee to the inevitable. Mr. Hines Page remembers that George Washington wore knee breeches all his life!

* * *

How Washington Selects its Diplomats.

In the discussions which have taken place between Mr. Page and Sir Edward Grey over those unfortunate Panama Canal tolls, I hear that Mr. Page has been somewhat at a bearing, and, as this matter is one which will put the Home Rule affair in Ireland in the shade for potency if it goes on much longer, there is a feeling abroad that America should adopt some method of finding men for the important posts of Ambassadors who have some claims to diplomacy beyond mere wealth and social position in New York. Mr. Page's speech to the London Chamber of Commerce finally "put the lid on"! It was one of the most tactless speeches on record.

* * *

American Ambassadress Who Never Misses Court.

But what can be expected when American ambassadors are selected entirely by the patronage of the American President, who naturally gives these fine billets to his friends. Both from Paris and from New York it is confidently reported that the American embassy in Paris is next to be occupied by Mr. McAdoo, who has become engaged to President Wilson's youngest daughter. The Paris job is an even more delicate one than in London, and whether the American President's future son-in-law will Mc Adoo of it remains to be seen! In London, Mr. Hines Page's wife has never yet missed a Court since her arrival from New York, in spite of her husband's contempt for knee breeches! Republicanism never yet appealed to women.

* * *

Unique Procession of Debutant Sisters.

Mention of the Courts reminds me of a piquant and rare occurrence which Society will witness during the next dozen years. Amongst the pretty debutantes of this season is Lady Georgina Agar, the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Normanton. Lord Normanton has a rental of fifty thousands a year, with property in eight counties, and his daughter is likely to be an object of great interest when her engagement is announced. As Lady Georgina is related to Queen Alexandra, through her Danish grandmother, Countess Danneskiold-Samsoe, she makes her appearance under first-rate auspices, and is doubtless destined for an interesting "future." Next year, however, she will have a rival in one of her own sisters, for Lady Alexandra Agar comes out in 1915; two years later Lady Caroline Agar, another sister, will make her début; Lady Mary Agar will be presented in 1919, Lady Diana in 1922, Lady Amy in 1923, and Lady Rosemary in 1927. All these seven daughters of Lord and Lady Normanton were born within twelve years, before an heir to the earldom made his appearance. Needless to say, when little Lord Somerton did arrive there were maffickings at Ringwood the like of which had never been witnessed before—not even at Mafeking time!

Rother Exasperating!"

Confusion worse confounded"! quite moderately confesses the position in the Peerage over the selections of the Asquithians. We have already noted the trouble over the selection by Sir William Holland, the Manchester spinner, of the title of "Lord Rotherham," and by Harold Harmsworth, of the *Daily Mirror*, of the title Lord Rothermere." From East Sussex I learn that another gentleman who would like to be ennobled—and who he deserves it—is Sir Lindsay Lindsay-Hogg, who hopes to be "Lord Rotherfield." As Sir Lindsay scored a decade ago, there is no knowing where he may end, and his claims to ennoblement are at least as good as those of Harold Harmsworth!

* * *

How the Hoggs Achieve Peerages.

Sir Lindsay Lindsay-Hogg is an authority on horse-breeding, and he has been president of several agricultural societies, and is one of the best known agriculturists in this country. A noble Hogg, too, would be by no means the first of the family," for one of the surprising Peerages of the quarter-of-a-century ago was that which was conferred on Sir Lindsay's relation, Sir James Hogg, who got a Peerage for being chairman of that rotten old Metropolitan Board of Works which went the way of all corrupt corporations when the London County Council arose! Sir James Hogg became "Lord Magheramorne" (*what* a mouthful!), so Sir Lindsay Lindsay-Hogg's rise to the ranks of the nobles will in no way surprise us. But "Lord Rotherfield," for it only requires Sir Lindsay's popular Sussex neighbour, Lord Leconfield, to "go up one" as "Earl of Rother-field (after his Manor in Cumberland) to render the Peerage confusions rother exasperating!

* * *

Lord Haldane in Peril.

How easily one peer is confused with another has just been a unique illustration. The volume known as *Vacher's Parliamentary Companion* recently came out with the name of the present Lord Chancellor, Lord Haldane, in italics. This meant that he was a Roman Catholic peer, and as a Roman Catholic cannot hold the office of Lord Chancellor there were possibilities of Lord Haldane being cited for treason for continuing to hold his high office after 'verting to Rome. However, it now appears that Vacher made a mistake, and has confused Lord Haldane with Lord Haldon, a homeless peer who has property but doesn't live on it, and whom I first met years ago in the Baltic, on his way to Russia, where he fell in love with a lady of the regiment, and married her.

When last I heard of Haldon he was living down at Norwood, enduring daily threats of "a thick ear" from an unpleasant stableman whom he had grievously offended, and who appeared to be only awaiting the arrival of Boxing Day to carry out his threats! That was last December; but Lord Haldon is still alive and the stableman has had his quietus!

* * *

Registry Office Affair.

Poor Pat Annesley, who has had such an unkind fate as a Benedick, is not very distant from the Annesley coronet. It was one of those wretched "Army affairs," in which India always plays a part. Captain Pat's father was the late General William Annesley, who married the third Lord Grantley's niece and went to live at Wootton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, where they have been ever since. The General's three sons all went into the Royal West Kents from Cheltenham College, and did good service with that regiment in all parts of the world. The elder of the brothers was at the defence of Ambigo Wells and at Giniss, in 1886, and came home with the D.S.O., and married the daughter of an Anglo-Indian civilian. Pat Annesley joined the Gold Coast Hausas, and played his little part in the Ashanti affair of 1805; and, later on, with the 25th I.Y. in South Africa. Eighteen months before that unexpected event happened he had retired from the Army and got wed on the "Q.T." to a Miss Burcher, at the registry office at Newton Abbot, and, if the war hadn't intervened, all might have gone well. But Pat answered his country's call like the man he is, and got "let-down" at home. Well, well, marriage is always a lottery! The Annesleys have generally found it so, anyway!

MUSICAL CALISTHENICS.

Singing Prof.: "Nein! Nein! No! Ach! Haf you no soul? Animo! Appassionato! Open your mouth and dtrow yourself cento eet."

EAST OF SUEZ.

Lady (engaging Chinese servant): "You will suit me, I think. What is your name?"
Chinaman: "Lung Wun Hop, lady."
Lady: "Oh, I can't call you that. It's much too long. I will call you John. I am Mrs. Highbury Browne."
Chinaman: "Your name plenty much too long allee same, lady. I call you Charlie."

The Two Priscilla Ladies Annesley.

By the way, how many people know that the famous Priscilla Countess Annesley is the second Priscilla Moore to bear that honoured title. Yet so it is. And they were both second wives. In 1803, the third Earl had to divorce his wife, who was the Lady Isabella St. Lawrence, a daughter of an Earl of Howth, and a quarter of a century later married Priscilla Moore, who was the daughter of a magistrate in his own county of Down. It was something more than a family coincidence that led the fifth Earl Annesley in 1892 to take as his second wife another Priscilla Moore, daughter of a magistrate of County Cavan! Priscilla Lady Annesley is to-day the most-invited woman in Society.

* * *

Future Earl's Spoilt Childhood.

Young Lord Uffington seems to be in for an adventurous career. All his life he has been the most pampered boy in Britain. Just over twenty years ago his father, the Earl of Craven, married the rich Miss Bradley Martin, of New York. For four years no heir to this historic family appeared, and when eventually Lord Uffington was born, his fond parents were almost delirious with delight. They have ever since done their best to spoil the future millionaire Earl, for some day Lord Uffington will be immensely wealthy, Lady Craven and her brother being sole heirs to their mother's and grandmother's property. Coddled and petted as few young aristocrats are, Lord Uffington grew up in luxury, and no child in this country has been so carefully protected against a premature end. In the spring his parents always took him to the Riviera, and in the autumn to the Highlands, while his summers were spent in the country, and his residence in the winter was always selected so that he should never risk a "cold." By the time he had reached sixteen Lord Uffington had got completely out of hand.

Most Pampered Boy in Britain.

As Lord Craven is in the Court, in charge of the Yeo... of the Guard on all ceremonial occasions, the Cro... found it absolutely necessary at last to teach Lord Uffi... discipline, and Lady Craven had at last to part with... beloved only child, for Lord Craven insisted upon... Uffington going to a school where a little appreciation... the deference due to others might be inculcated. So... he was packed, amidst a rain of tears, to Eastbourne, ... a letter to the pedagogue announcing his parents' ... mination to get him sobered a little, before he burst ... the world as the heir to the Bradley Martin millions.

Lord Uffington has been a sore point with the ... master ever since. His pranks have been "the talk of ... town" at Eastbourne, and last week he got into the ... of the police, for he was caught in the act while up a ... post, after turning off the light. Lord Uffington was ... ten shillings, but he will want a lot of fines to get over ... spoiling that he received as a child.

* * *

Octogenarian Peer's Troubled Old Age.

Peers, like lesser folk, have many troubles to cope with, and I am reminded of one of the most frequent ... the death of the late Lord Ventry. This old peer—he ... eighty-six and had passed out of public notice—was ... years troubled by what he believed to be the pre... goings-on of his son Dick, who was once in the ... Munster Fusiliers. Many years ago Captain Freder... Moleyns, of the Ventry family, had a valet named ... berry. After leaving the Captain's service this fellow ... ceeded to impersonate Lord Ventry's son Dick, to ... he bore an unfortunate likeness. All over the world ... berry travelled as "Captain Richard De Moleyns," ... during his career of fraud he married no fewer than ... women. The imposture became so flagrant that ...

Lord Ventry could stand his son's tricks no longer, and Dick De Moleyns came home all the way from Sydney to explain to his father that all the stories told of him were lies, and that they had resulted from the depredations of his impersonator.

* * *

The Valet Landed in the Tombs.

In order to get even with the rascally valet Dick went over to America, where he caught the ex-valet in Chicago, and was soon brought face to face with a woman who was supposed to be his wife. In the West the valet posed as Lord De Moleyns," having deserted the Australian girl whom he had married as "Captain De Moleyns" after squandering all her money. He repeated this performance in America, and eventually found himself in the Tombs Prison in New York.

When Dick De Moleyns saw him he admitted that the resemblance of the valet to himself was extraordinary, and said a friend of ours that for years he had been unable to travel anywhere without his father hearing reports that he was either married again or had committed some fresh embezzlement.

* * *

The Rajahs and the Races.

Those interesting splashes of colour, the Indian rajahs, are beginning to arrive for the spring Courts—*and* the races. The Begum of Bhopal has been in residence at the Grosvenor Hotel for some time, but Her Highness does not go about much, albeit she is the only woman-knight in the Empire. The Nawab of Junagadh has returned to India, after residing in this country a year; and the Maharajah of Bharatpur and his mother and suite are now in town. They have some strange stories of the state of India, and are not sorry to be in "the land of the free" for the next few months. By the way, *Modern Life* was last week the first English paper to forecast the impending crisis in our Eastern dominions, and to unveil the subtle way in which the real position of things is concealed by the Indian Government. Strange to say, on Saturday last, when *Modern Life* was on sale, the *Times* also awoke to the position, and billed its own matter as ANARCHISM IN INDIA. We bought a copy of the *Times*, and this is what we read:—

* * *

Murders Necessary to Preface the Revolution!

"Bengal is now *superficially* tranquil, but evidence is accumulating that there is a widespread conspiracy in existence, the headquarters of which have not yet been traced. To the recent Barisal case twelve of the prisoners pleaded guilty, after protracted proceedings, in which startling disclosures were made of an organisation having for its object the subversion of British authority. The organisation had branches and agencies all over Eastern Bengal, and was worked through teachers and students. The subversion of the native army was designed, but this part of the programme was a complete failure. The case was significent, because of the elaborate efforts made to reach the student population through disloyal teachers."

* * *

The Indian Menace Frankly Admitted at Last.

"Attacks on the Viceroy and Sir J. S. Meston, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, were projected, Bose asserting that murders were necessary to arouse the masses to prepare the path for revolution. Among the exhibits is an elaborate poison book, which contains diabolical suggestions for poisoning Europeans. . . . The menace to the whole of India, including the most peaceful provinces, is so great from the Bengal conspiracy that no stone can be left unturned."

We couldn't have put it more succinctly ourselves! And this summary of the position of India from the *Times* was written in Calcutta only four days after our own explicit warning of the serious pass to which India had arrived was penned. It becomes our politicians to turn their attention a little from Ireland, and think about the Empire which is five hundred times the size of Ulster, and whose population is three hundred and fifteen millions!

* * *

A "Times" Forecast.

The *Times* "forecasted" the appointment of Sir Charles Douglas as Chief of the Imperial General Staff, but there was no interior knowledge about the matter. It had been an open secret that when the time came for General French to give up office his successor would be the Inspector-General of the Forces, just as it was known in well-informed circles that General Douglas would step into Sir John's place long before he vacated the Inspector-Generalship three years ago. Lord Haldane when at the War Office had a high opinion of Sir Charles Douglas, but this opinion has not been universally shared by the General's subordinates, who, when he was in command at Salisbury, used to refer jealously to the posts he would occupy—the Inspector-Generalship of the Army, and finally the Chiefship of the Imperial General Staff.

* * *

One of the "Esher Gang."

Sir Charles Douglas is the sole survivor at the War Office of the "Esher gang" of rather mediocre Generals (for so they must be described) who were selected to reform the Army, but though he may not be a man of exceptional brilliance, he is a worker, and this characteristic, coupled with a plentiful amount of bonhomie, geniality, and savoir faire, has been chiefly responsible for a most successful career. It is forty-four years since he joined the old 92nd, now the 2nd Gordons, and slowly and steadily he has worked his way up until at sixty-three he becomes head of the Army.

A SPRING CHICKEN.

MORE OR LESS.

Super Suppers.

Dancing suppers, it seems, are the latest thing. You dance through the courses—I am not sure you don't dance on them—and at the end I suppose you dance on the bill. The conventional supper bill, by the way, is generally enough to make a saint swear—I mean, dance. Even at the best of places what do you get? A little cold soup, a dab of cold fish, something flabby in aspic, a sweet, and wine, of course, extra! For this repast, which would cost you about a shilling at home, you pay in gold. Supper, of course, isn't intended to be eaten. You don't go there for the food, you go there because it is the proper—or improper—thing—according to whom you have with you—to do. And the hotel manager knows jolly well that supper is a meal even a gourmet will not cavil about. It is the bird with him, not the bird on the table he troubles about at midnight. So they make a good thing out of it and—let us hope everybody else does the same.

* * *

Nun-sense!

It is generally conceded that men can beat us all round when it comes to telling us that gilt-edged lie, which, if not examined too closely, may be accepted with reserve by us as solid truth; but it has been left to a woman to invent the most novel excuse on record. When recently she put in an appearance in the Divorce Court to explain certain mysterious happenings with a young man she pleaded that she was subject to delusions, and that when she took her walks abroad she was labouring under the impression that she was a nun. Now I have always understood that nuns had no use for young men, and that solitude was the dearest companion. But perhaps the lady fancied that she was alone as well, at those times she thought she was a nun. At this rate the world must be full of monks. I daresay, by the way, you have noticed that men have always been just by themselves when they return from a shooting trip. Solitude for two is a very favourite dish on the menu of life, but somehow it seems to taste best in a private room.

* * *

Love Rust.

It's a funny thing when you come to think of it that we should all be so ashamed of Love. We hide it away behind the lace curtains of our bedrooms and affect an absolute indifference to it during the day. No husband would dream of kissing his wife in the day time unless he wanted to be written down as an idiot. Lovers even have to hold hands clandestinely and kiss furtively behind kindly doors, that no jeering eye may publicly gloat. There never has been a more untrue dictum written than that which runs "All the world loves a lover." It doesn't. It votes him an intolerable nuisance. A woman told me once that when she had an engaged couple staying at her house she felt nervous about going into any room where the fond couple happened to be, as if they had had some infectious disease. "You don't know what a fool it makes one feel," she confessed, "to have to sit there and watch them looking as if they wanted to eat each other." I suppose love in its early stages is rather barbaric, but the moment it becomes civilised by a wedding the most primitive pair revert to polite members of society again, and are the first to grumble aloud at "such bad form" when they see another couple holding hands or busy admiring the moon on a wet night. What is there about marriage, I have often wondered, that turns the most impassioned bridegroom of to-day into the luke-warm Benedict of to-morrow? Is it because possession rusts everything—even-tually a wife?

* * *

The Better Thing.

I hear that, contrary to expectations, trousers for women are catching on. One tailor boasts of having no less than two hundred and fifty orders for trousers for women upon his books. Well, so long as he keeps them on his customers and off the destined legs the better. It is a far better thing for women to wear their trousers metaphorically instead of literally. Trousers are not things of beauty at best, and if I were a man I should hate to walk out looking like a couple of stove-pipes. I am for skirts and femininity all the time. Perhaps it is because I know that if we are to get anything out of life, so long as the men rule it, it behoves us to be as nice as possible. You can do what you like with a man so long as your appearance flatters you and you flatter him. Love and lace are the longitude and latitude of a woman's life.

* *

A Plea for the Petticoat.

I was awfully sorry when petticoats went out of fashion. And I am sure the devil must have been too. They were a sort of extra touch. Pretty lingerie is an effective bait even to Saint Antony. And, say what you like, there is nothing alluring about the tight skirt. It reveals too much. And what isn't hidden is of no value to a man—so far as woman is concerned at least. Mystery appeals to him far more than undressmony, uncertainty than undress. Venus, if she had lived in these days, would have attracted masculine attention far more in a sable coat than in the altogether. The obvious is not a man's objective. I suppose I shall shock the art critics by declaring I never saw anything in Velasquez's "Venus." At least, perhaps I should say I saw too much—not in, but of it. The cynical person will tell you that the less one sees of a woman the more he likes her. The fact is sound sense if he only knew it. Men may like love to be a natural product, but the woman they love must be in a state of art.

LOUISE HEILGERS

She: "I told him I didn't want to see him again."
He: "And what did he do?"
She: "Turned out the light."

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PEOPLE.

CURRENT CLAPTRAP AND WHAT WE THINK OF IT.

Fortune lately has not been kind to a titled couple who play cards much, and make them, so say the ill-natured, a source of considerable income. However this may be, they must have netted a good deal of money out of cards for years past, but their long run of good luck has at last been broken.

* * *

Though the age is so democratic, we are becoming greater snobs than ever: indeed, snobbery was perhaps never more rampant than now. Everywhere it appears. Dwellers on the outskirts of a good district tack the latter to their addresses, and much to their satisfaction go up in the estimation of the uninitiated; would-be fashionables claim kinship and relationship with aristocratic families to whom their very existence is unknown, others give "at homes" because they imagine it is the proper thing to do, while another section displays its acquaintance with the *haut ton* by dressing for dinner—and sitting down to a meal that its tradesmen would disdain.

* * *

But invariably the cloven hoof shows itself, as in the case of a family which settled in a riverside district noted for its snobbishness. The head purposely, though apparently quite casually, intimated that he was a connection of the Shaftesbury family, through his grandmother, one of the Ladies Ashley-Cooper, and then proceeded to show his knowledge of those little niceties which mean so much by having most expensive handmade notepaper with printed address, and using the commonest of cards with printed name and address! Knowing something about the Shaftesbury line, a cynical acquaintance pointed out that the alleged relationship could not possibly exist, but this was attributed by fellow snobs to petty jealousy of a person highly connected, and the man who objected to being impressed by a fictitious relationship made a nasty enemy.

* * *

Is it quite honest of the Post Office to accept a fee for express delivery of a letter knowing perfectly well that it will arrive at its destination too late to reach the addressee that night, as understood by the sender? Remonstrance elicits the remark that the sender should have ascertained this, but on the other hand the Post Office should not accept money for work it cannot carry out.

* * *

Another Post Office method calls for attention. Anybody expecting a letter by a certain mail may, by paying a fee, have it delivered forthwith, and not a few people avail themselves of the privilege. It might be thought that in the event of the anticipated letter not arriving the fee would be refunded, but the Post Office sees to this. It sends a messenger to say a letter has not come, and sticks to the money.

* * *

Midfield House, a familiar place to visitors to historic Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, which was burnt down the other day, is stated to have been built as a dower-house by a recent Drummond of Hawthornden, "a descendant of the poet William Drummond." But the present Drummonds of Hawthornden are not descended from the poet, whom Ben Jonson visited at Hawthornden, tramping on foot from London specially to see him. Drummond's line failed in 1769, and the Hawthornden Drummonds of to-day are very remotely indeed connected with him.

* * *

It is a failing in certain notable families to make this "mistake," and thus give themselves an added interest. Several speak with much pride of their respective "great ancestors," men distinguished in history, though they are not even collateral descendants. The fact that they have by devious ways somehow come to represent the lines of great men does not give them the right to claim them as ancestors, particularly in cases where not a drop of the blood of the great man's family flows in their veins.

* * *

It seems to be about time that very serious notice was taken of Mr. Justice Darling. His scandalous sentence of seven years on Julia Decies for wounding a man who had lived with her (not that that matters) and who is admittedly a rather hopeless specimen of humanity, is only equalled by Lord Reading's refusal to alter the sentence. The Chief Justice was very ready to ask for mercy in the Marconi case, but, of course, Julia Decies happens to be a woman and not one of our statesmen-lawyer geniuses. Lord Reading's action in this case is about on a par with his cruel treatment of young Archer-Shee, the Naval cadet whose career he ruined when he was Attorney-General (though he admitted he was innocent of the stealing charged) by kicking the poor lad out of the Navy. As for the Darling judge, his stupid joking in tragically human cases has long been a glaring scandal. If his jokes were witty they would be frequently grossly bad taste under the circumstances of a judge's position. Being, as they are, wretched pantomime tomfoolery which the judge knows the sycophantic nincompoops in Court feel bound in politeness to laught at, the public should, in the words of George Robey, see that this clown of a judge "desists." He has done little else but clown since his appointment to the Bench was the laughing-stock of the Bar, on which occasion he staggered society by appearing on the Bench in the (at that time) feminine sort of collar that was exclusively affected by the Oscar Wilde set.

Galatea Reawakened: "Can this belong to the same specie as my Pygmalion?"

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

A BIT ABOUT BOOKS.

Perhaps the most remarkable development of our time is the growth of the modern novel, and the wonderful way in which this form of literature has got hold of all classes of society. And so it has occurred to me that, as it is holiday time, I may for once shed the lively and critical functions which I am ordered by a Napoleonic editor to exercise in this column, and placidly consider for a few moments the most interesting feature of modern literature. For the novel is not to-day the thing it was when Richardson, the founder of the English novel, thought it good enough for his public to put a story into sloppily sentimental letters with a sloppily sentimental heroine. It is not as it was when Fielding's "Tom Jones," most marvellous achievement of imaginative writers, was looked upon as altogether too truthful (and therefore too shocking) for the susceptibilities of the British public. We have, in a word, rushed through the delicate artistry and penetrating simplicity of Jane Austen; through the grim, gaunt power of the Brontë sisters; through the garrulous cynicism and extraordinary character work of Thackeray; through the human humour and the inhuman sentimentality of Dickens, until we have finally landed ourselves in the sociological loquacity of H. G. Wells, in the concentrated power and beauty of Joseph Conrad (now at last come into his own), and, so easy is the descent into hell, in the melodramatic muck of Hall Caine and the sickly sensuousness of Florence Barclay. And what is the result of it all? The result is, on the whole, good. For the novel to-day is no longer a mere story wherewith to while away a passing hour. It is no longer a mere character study, as it was in the times of some of the great masters of the past. It deals, so far as the remnants of Victorianism will allow it, with every phase of modern thought. It tackles the greatest problems that can occupy the human mind. It stretches right through the garment of life from the Ariel-like lightness of the love-taps of E. F. Benson to the grim, gaunt sombreness of Galsworthy or Hardy in their most realistic moods. There is nothing that the novel of to-day does not touch, although it is only too true to say that there is much that it does not adorn. The novel thus, I repeat, is one of the most wonderful things of the moment, notwithstanding the turmoil of the Irish crisis and the happy hallucinations of all the other funny things that make up the comedy and the tragedy of life.

I read a good deal in the papers and magazines about the novels of the day, but there is one aspect of the subject of fiction that I never see alluded to by our otherwise informative penmen. I mean the production of the novel, of which kind of literature (or not literature) there are, be it remembered, some eight or ten thousand volumes published in England almost every year. How on earth do they all get published, large numbers of them comprising as they do the most obvious rubbish? And what is the wonderful evolutionary process through which they all pass from the moment when the author, with visions of immortality before him, sits down to pen his first chapter, to that awful thunderclap when the lightning strokes of the sapient reviewers (who know all about it because they have failed to write successful novels themselves) fell him to the ground?

Let us have a look at this evolutionary process for a moment. First, there is the author. He writes his novel (or one hopes he does) with the fire and imagination that are necessary to all artistic work, and (which perhaps the great public do not adequately appreciate) with infinite pains and drudgery as well as pleasure. It is one of the funniest delusions of non-literary mortals that great authors sit down and turn a handle, and, hey presto, a work of immortal art is turned out with the rapidity and precision of a Harris sausage. It's only people who can't write who do it that way. The truth is (as Cardinal Newman, one of the greatest prose writers that ever lived, acknowledged with regard to his own beautiful style), that only the most laborious study of words and the mysterious effects of their various combinations can make of even a genius a perfect master of the literary art.

And so the conscientious author writes and re-writes, revises and re-revises, adds and subtracts, until, it may be, he is sick of the very sight of the material wherewith he seeks to approach the perfection that no man can ever attain. And then the thing is finished. And then the author begins to worry again, if he has anything in him of that critical pessimism without which no fine work was ever produced. The reaction has set in. He begins to feel that, after all, there is not much in the great work that was going to startle the planet when it was conceived. Then he hurries the manuscript off to the typist and spends three or four pounds in getting his masterpiece made legible and neat for the coming onslaught upon the most thick-skinned of business men—the publishers of London. Then he waits wearily, it may be for years and it may be for ever (as the song says), while publisher after publisher flings contemptuously his "immortal" into a common post-office and "regrets" that he does not think it would be a commercial success. Then at last *the* publisher, the one good man of Sodom and Gomorrah, comes along, and for one brief hour the author is at peace. But his troubles are only just beginning.

Then there is the publishing process. Of the large number of novels published during a season only a small percentage are done entirely at the risk of the publisher. I refer, of course, to new authors. Once you have made a name, even as a moderate seller, you are all right, and any publisher will give you some sort of a chance with your next book. But a large percentage of new authors pay fifty to a hundred pounds, or more, to cover the cost of printing and publishing their first novel. And what does the author get in payment for his work? If he pays all the initial cost, the publisher perhaps gives him a royalty of fifteen per cent. on the published price of 6s. If the publisher takes all the risk, the author perhaps gets a royalty of ten per cent. Mr. H. G. Wells has said that he insists on a royalty of twenty-five per cent. on his books, but Mr. Wells is naturally in a position to get all he demands. Even for established authors a royalty of twenty per cent. is often the limit that can be obtained.

We now come to the especial work of the publisher. He gets the book printed at one of the numerous large printing establishments that make a speciality of such work, and then he sends it in sixteen-page sheets to the bookbinder. Bookbinding is, of course, a separate trade in itself, and the recent bookbinders' strike has shown to the public what an important trade it is, and how it can, if publishers are not complacent, hold up a large part of a season's publishing. Then there is the sale and distribution of the book, a very important part of the publisher's work, and requires business genius and energy if it is to be properly done. It is here that the difference is seen, by those behind the scenes, between the leading publishing firms that are plenty of capital, and the mushroom firms that are of little use either to authors or themselves. All such things make a vast difference in the chances that new novels have of making a hit. For "literature" nowadays is manufactured on commercial lines that would have startled our forefathers. The publisher's traveller is also an important man. His work is to persuade the booksellers by means of his eloquence, and perhaps sample-pages and bindings, to invest some of their capital in at least a few copies of the new book that is going to rival Hall Caine or Florence Barclay in selling power. Then there are the newspapers through which the public have to be gently reminded by striking and expensive advertisements that another masterpiece is coming along—that another Dickens or Bennett is about to show up on the horizon. All of which is not "beer and skittles" to the publisher, who may have to consider hundreds of manuscripts before he came across one that appealed to him as worth the risking of his hard-earned capital. It has been said by a well-known publisher that he only finds a dozen manuscripts out of every five hundred that he reads worth risking out of every five hundred that are read for him by his expert "reader."

Such are but a few of the worries of a literary life, gentle reader. Ponder over them when you go away for your little holidays. And then go back to your office and reflect upon the unassailable fact that while literature is a dream that sometimes comes true, merchandise is a reality that never fails with its three meals a day, and perhaps a little bit of sugar for the bird thrown in.

JONATHAN GRUB STREET.

Prisoners at Camp Hill (I.O.W.) are, after two years' detention, supplied with the *Daily Mail*. This information will be a further proof to Mr. Frank Harris that prisons are places of torture.

THE SNUFFRAGETTE.

THE FUTURIST AND THE FLAPPER.

In the year 1913 there dwelt in one of the pleasant streets which border on Hampstead's classic heath a young man of very unordinary appearance. He elected to wear his hair long, he wore a velvet coat and a huge black silk necktie, and affected lace pocket handkerchiefs, and a large antique paste marquise ring.

He had a temperament. When he was doing nothing else, he painted. He was fond of twilight and glimmering stars; he liked violin music and champagne, and he believed that the fixed purpose of women in life was set clearly forth by the gods in the simple command, "Be beautiful."

Now, on a Sunday evening, while looking around at the heavens for the presence of the planet Mars, he found on the earthly Heath . . . Venus. She was small and slim, and wore an exceedingly tight skirt, a yellow silk jacket and cap, and nice shoes.

She spoke first.

"You did give me a fright," she said in a shrill little voice. "I never saw you were here."

The young man wanted to be alone, and spoke abstractedly.

"I have been here a long time," he said. "Sorry if I frightened you?"

"I am not easly frightened," she said, with great frankness. "And why are you star-gazing all alone?"

"The answer is obvious," he said, with a young boredom born of a night-club and French revues.

"Oh, is it?" she said. "I dare say you're right; but I didn't catch what you said. Didn't I see you go by on a motor-cycle this afternoon—a grey one with a side-car?"

"You did not," replied the artist. "I never rode a motor-cycle in my life."

There was a moment's silence.

"Can you tell me the time, please?" she asked, looking at the distant pond shining in the moonlight, and anon at his nose.

He took out his watch and read it by the light of a small electric torch.

"It's a quarter to nine," he said; then added, "Time for all good little girls to be in bed."

She giggled.

"Are you up from the country?" she asked. "You talk so young."

The young man smiled.

"My dear old lady," he said, tolerantly, "you shouldn't talk to strange young men on a Sunday night on Hampstead Heath. It's a most pernicious habit, more than half Yiddish, and may lead you very wrong. Go home to your mother and put your hair in plaits, and say your prayers and try to lead a better life."

"You talk like a curate," she giggled; "only your hat and tie give you away. You're an artist, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said, wearily; "I wear these clothes specially to inform an incredulous world of the fact. I admire your perception."

"Wow-wow," scoffed the young lady. "Do you want a model?"

"No," he said, definitely. "I usually do landscape. Besides, what does an artist want a model for? He has his mind full of vivid impressions to people his studio with. One glance at a face should enable one to do a portrait."

"Must be like those quick post-cards," said the young lady acidly.

He bowed. "Cheap and nasty."

"Your judgment is scarcely likely to be at fault," he said. 'So we will admit the portraits to be cheap and nasty, and by no means subject your classic features to the process. Mademoiselle, may I escort you home?"

"No," she said, tartly. "Everyone is out, and I'm not going to sit at home like patient what's-her-name, waiting for them to come in. I came out to meet my boy, and I've missed him. That's why I'm alone, and you can think what you like."

"Don't go away," said the artist; "you are so modern you are refreshing."

"Glad I'm something," said she. "Began to think I was a sort of *de trop*. Where's your girl to-night?"

"I worship Art," he said; "I am a Futurist."

She drew a little closer.

"I've been to the National Gallery," she said, "Only it was a sixpenny day, and we didn't go in. I should like to see your pictures."

The young man was touched.

"I believe you are a dear, sympathetic little soul."

"You bet," she said. "And please tell me what a Futurist is?"

"I'm afraid," he said, "nothing much to look at, but very subtle. I'm one. Dear little night-child, art is too big a scheme to squeeze into a sentence, and even then your brain isn't the kind to digest it. Let's go and find some chocolates."

They left the trees and stars and joined the people.

"He is just like the others," thought the Flapper.

* * *

A week later he went to the Continent to study under a Futurist master.

I saw the Flapper last Sunday in a side-car beside a nice young man—she was looking very complacent.

She will marry.

The Futurist will paint.

And some silly people call this sort of thing Kismet.

C.N.

While Mr. Asquith has undoubtedly done the right and the strong thing in going to the War Office himself, and has also conceived a master-stroke in the interests of his party, it surely is a sort of confession that he cannot trust a single member of his Cabinet when his back is turned. Which is not altogether a promising confession for the future of British statesmanship. The Prime Minister's terrific (if quiet) challenge to the Army to leave politics alone is, however, immense. A little more straight speaking of this kind might do no harm. For instance, Lord Roberts might be politely informed that everybody in the political world (even his own gang) looks upon him as a fine old soldier who is now in his dotage and need be taken no notice of. The Archbishop of Canterbury might also be told that the days of Cardinal Wolsey came to an ignominious end quite a long time ago, and that the British public are not in this twentieth century going to stand an Archbishop sneaking off to Buckingham Palace to try to put in his oar with the King on political questions. And of all people in the world this hopeless back-scratching Archbishop, who never would have stood a thousand to one chance of becoming even a Dean, had it not been for the unctuous mellifluousness of his toe-kissing qualities when in the presence of Victoria, is the last man to appeal to us as a statesman.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

If the Kaiser has just issued a decree that no dinner which he attends in future shall last longer than 45 minutes, and if this does not shorten the average German dinner by a good half?

* * *

If the lady who tried on dresses at Harrod's was aware that the painters suspended on the cradle outside the window could see all that went on in the fitting room below?

* * *

If the gentleman who was so audaciously cheeked by the diminutive newspaper vendor on King's Cross station was none other than Sir John Simon, and if he afterwards recounted the incident to the pretty lady in the black furs who had also come to see the Prime Minister off?

* * *

Who is the society lady who has just had a pair of tortoiseshell spectacles made for her pet Pekinese?

* * *

When "My Lady's Dress" is to be put on at the Royalty Theatre, and if its record audience will be present on the night when it is taken off?

* * *

How is it that Sir George Alexander, even in "ready-mades," is unable to keep his trousers out of the Press?

* * *

The identity of the little brunette who was telling everybody at the "All Fools" Ball that she had lost a valuable scarabæus pendant given to her by a certain European prince? If the reason why she has made no further enquiries in the matter is that she finally discovered it in the bag of one of her futurist pantaloons when undressing for bed in the pale light of dawn?

* * *

If it is a fact that one of our most popular comedy actors has achieved a great reputation among his lady friends for trimming hats, and if he has promised to design the one which a certain countess will wear at Ascot?

* * *

If the imitation mummies which enterprising Egyptians are palming off on credulous tourists as the real thing are what one might call dead swindles?

* * *

The identity of the charming Dutch lady who has sent her maid each morning to enquire after the progress of M. Paul Cambon during his illness, and if she departed last week for Paris?

* * *

If there have been further ructions in the German Royal Household, and if the Kaiser and Kaiserin are seriously disagreeing anent the Crown Prince's proposed six months' tour in the colonies? If the latter is furious at the possibility of having his plans nipped in the bud, and if his Imperial dad has informed him that he "couldn't trust him as far as Dantzic, much less to Africa."? And when his hot-headed Highness will learn to control his temper?

* * *

The identity of the clever American lady who for some time past has been doing her best to arrange an alliance between her pretty daughter and a certain Florentine man, and if the fancy dress ball at the Villa Sc... brought things to a satisfactory climax?

* * *

The identity of the dramatic critic who wandered ... certain West End club for nearly an hour the other ... ing with a placard bearing the words "Damaged ... fixed to his back, and if he was not very much ... the hilarious merriment of the hall porter?

* * *

If Sir Thomas Lipton is hoping that his new yacht ... rick IV." will be ready in time for Cowes Regatta ... by way of testing its prowess, he has decided to ent... several of the principal races of the coming season?

* * *

If Princess M... had a serious quar... her friend, Miss ... Farquharson, and ... the trouble was ...

* *

If a certain M... lately been much ... by the interest ... his young son ... aviational, and ... amusement did ... place to come ... when he discover... using a batch of ... ant Parliamentary ... as "ballast" for ... toy flying-machine ...

* *

If Sir Reginald ... Carew has stated ... will not seek re... because the ... Commons is "good ...

* *

If the tintacks ... the professor's bed ... the Norfolk Str... were dropped there ... by accident, and ... was that he was ... wandering in the ... at 3 a.m.?

* *

The very latest ... that of having a ... trait of one's ... reproduced, either ... our or in sepia, ... dial of a watch, ... to help one to be ... for an appointment ...

* *

He: "If my mother had lived, I should never have married you."
She: "No one regrets the death of your mother more than I do."

If Mr. Edmund Payne left Brighton so suddenly ... he found that the air there wasn't having any ... beneficial results upon him, or for some other ... "pressing" reason?

* * *

How the eminent journalist enjoyed the hiding ... received at the hands of the popular tenor? If ... over a paragraph in a weekly paper connecting ... tenor's name with that of an actress at Daly's, ... number of people who had been doubtful before ... convinced that it *must* have been true?

* * *

If King Manoel has had a number of laurel ... planted alongside the hedge which divides his Twi... residence from the high-road, and if he now hopes ... the annoyance of continual public prying?

* * *

Now that aviation is becoming so popular, girls ... ting more fly than ever.

...tea-merchant was surprised to have the ... which he sent to the Duke and Duchess of ... on the anniversary of their silver wedding returned within twenty-four hours, and if it was not great presumption to have sent it seeing that he had only ... occasion—and then by a pure accident?

* * *

... of the famous clubman who has just written ... dictionary?

* * *

...dinand of Bulgaria has engaged a kinema ... him and his Queen "at all times of the day ... conditions," and if the idea doesn't leave a ... open for speculation?

* * *

...omen who discussed a certain well-known ... so freely at the Savoy Turkish baths the ... were aware that their entire conversation was ... the gentleman's latest "conquest," and if he ... wondering how the deuce she has got to know about ... dents which he particularly did not wish her to ...

* * *

...did the somewhat confidential Automobile Association ... find its way into the offices of the cycling journal?

* * *

...the Stock Exchange becoming ... and is it not time that the authorities recon... rules that govern membership "on ...

* * *

... "know" who is about to ... fantastic "Book of Dreams"? If he has ... *plume* of "Desdemona," and if he has ... friend a very pretty emerald brooch to be ... her photo upon the cover—presumably ... the said "Desdemona"?

* * *

...arles Cochrane is about to espouse the circus girl ... engaged last October as the result of an extensive ... ment?

* * *

... low-haired girl who has eloped with the ... negro orchestra from one of the night ...

* * *

...y of the lady who made arrange... ...elope with a certain well-known ... If the pair quarrelled on their ... Folkestone, and if the lady promptly ... next train back to London, leaving ... ...ed lover to continue the jour...

* * *

...ay in the hammock on the ver... ...the Shoreham bungalow was sur... ...well-known airman suddenly ... and embraced her? ... contours when he discovered ... the person he had sup... ...and why the lady's hostess ... when she recounted the inci...

* * *

...of the Prince of Wales to St. ... ...elled on account of the ... name with that of the ... na?

* * *

... will hit upon the ... Royal matrimonial ...

* * *

...of the ... Square chanced ... ... footman could ..., and if she is now ... French maid?

* * *

...he man who impersonated ... manager at the Lotus Club ...ing, and if the said manager ...nnoyed about it?

* * *

...kerchief," 290ft. long," ...ertisement. Someone ...ffering from an unusually

What is the nature of the difficulty that has arisen in connection with the restoration of the Rokeby Venus?

* * *

Why were so many Anglo-Indians expelled from the famous public school?

* * *

Which is the daily paper which received three writs for libel in one week?

* * *

Who is the well-known Society dame who was found suffering from the effects of salts of lemon?

* * *

Who was the noble lord who acted as chauffeur to a hireable taxi one night last week for a wager? How many additional miles did he cover before he managed to land his Shepherd's Bush fare in Tavistock Square? What were this client's feelings when he found that the indicator registered only eightpence, which the chauffeur refused to accept?

* * *

"A little goes a long way," as the elephant said when he sat on the carpet-tack.

* * *

The best of public clocks are always on strike.

* * *

Was British sportsmanship very much in evidence at the Amateur Boxing Championships at Alexandra Palace? Was there any substance in the frequent remarks made by spectators that the Danish contingent were being paid out for the trouncing they gave our team which visited Copenhagen? Did Dahl and Hansen really lose, and should Bahnsen have been disqualified? Also, at this annual meeting, does not the man unattached to any recognised club labour against a strong prejudice? And is it not a moot point as to whether Webb (unattached) lost? Was not Clarke (unattached) openly robbed of his victory over Cotton?

* * *

Who draws for the bouts in the above competitions? Is it not strange that the favourites and the best men never seem to get matched together in the preliminary bouts?

* * *

The first company floated: Noah's Ark.

Mendicant: "Please, sir, all I wants is a little succour."
Gentleman: "Confound you! D'ye think I look like one?"

TABLOID TOPICS.

The "Movies" are being used for the showing of S.P. prices. An innovation for the bettor?

* * *

Belfast is being largely advertised as an Easter holiday resort. We always said there would be a civil war.

* * *

Consigned to the Irish Nationalists, a large number of rifles have been enclosed in piano cases. The consignors must be Collard.

* * *

The good-conduct stripes for postmen are abolished and are to be "merged in the wages," which can now be called the postman's stripend.

* * *

At Grantham a lady presented Mrs. Asquith with a box of gingerbread. At Lagybank Mr. Asquith presented the Army with a box of ginger.

* * *

A murderous uninvited visitor at a house in Norwood used a hatchet on the head of a maid servant. When charged he did not plead that it was an axeydent.

* * *

There are, after all, few changes observable in the newly-ordered pronunciation of telephone numbers. It is as well. One-double-one-double-one for 11111 is enough to double one up.

* * *

Mr. Justice Eve says he "hasn't even time to get his hair cut before going away for his Easter holidays." But Eves always were a bit deceitful, and we are almost inclined to call it A-dam lie.

* * *

A Frenchman who has been to America reports that "there is very little to teach the American women in the art of dressing themselves." We had a sort of idea ourselves that they had passed the nursery stage.

* * *

"Mr. Gurney Angus, a man who, as official note-taker in the House of Lords, had listened to more Parliamentary talk than any M.P., died yesterday."—(Daily paper). We cannot say that we are altogether paralysed with surprise.

* * *

"I don't usually lunch at the Savoy," writes a journalist in a daily. We don't, either—unless, of course, Buckingham Palace happens to be a bit crowded with foreign royalties, when we have to put up with the "Sav." somehow.

* * *

There are to be no "misses" on the German stage. Every lady engaged thereon is to be styled "Madame, the actress." Hoch, to say nothing of champagne! If there are to be no misses does it follow that they are going to be hits all the time?

* * *

"Scotland will have to be steeped knee-deep in temperance literature," says a Temperance Association lady. But that won't make a Scotchman teetotal, so long as he's got his haggis-box and his swallow intact. Still, we're sending along *Modern Life* in order to help the good fight.

* * *

An American college girl has been stripped and covered with red ink and gum, and thrown into a bath tub, as an example of feminine ragging methods. No picture of the incident, however, appears in the American papers. We are disappointed. We had been led to believe that Yankee journalism was up-to-date.

* * *

Stephen Black, the boxing expert on the *Daily Mail*, writes: "If the authorities are of opinion that the cumbersome eight-ounce glove is the only safe one that now exists for amateurs, could not something of about six-and-a-half ounces in weight be devised?" This, of course, would rule out the element of safety, and bring tears of gratitude to the eyes of the Rev. F. B. Meyer.

* * *

Colonel Hall-Walker said in the House of Commons that sausages made from dead horses were, when six months old, sold at 10d. a pound to London's second-class restaurants, and that when two years old the same sausages were wrapped round with silver paper and sold to first-class restaurants at 3s. 6d. a pound. But that doesn't help us out of our difficulty. What we are after is to find out what our fourpenny plate of sausage-and-mash is made of.

Motor Notes: "Toot! toot!"

* * *

We read that Haiti devotes one-sixth of its revenue to free schools. The scholars must Haitit.

* * *

The *Daily Mail* last week had a column article on "Bringing the Truth." Bringing coals to Newcastle.

* * *

The *Star* has an article on "How To Get On." What our girls would like to know is "How To Get Off."

* * *

Bow Street Magistrate:—"Did you ever know a workman carry anything down a ladder when he threw it?" Only himself.

* * *

A London playgoer recently sat down in the stalls when his ticket was for the second balcony. When requested to change he was moved two tiers.

* * *

A [illegible] forty days by way of Lenten self-denial. [illegible] upon performing the same sacrifice after marriage.

* * *

Star:—"Very few men care to wear [illegible] (*Men's Wear*)." The last two words are [illegible] when their wives make them wear the offending [illegible].

* * *

"Grave News From Armenia. Revolt of the Kurds." (*Daily Telegraph* headlines.) We suppose that the [illegible] weather is responsible for the latter, though that is [illegible] "whey" to succeed.

* * *

Chamber's Dictionary gives the meaning of "Seely" as "silly, innocent, fortunate, happy, good, simple, [illegible]." Men of all political parties are given a wide choice. We plump for "innocent."

* * *

We see in the Press that Society hostesses are [illegible] upset at the clashing of engagements, and that a [illegible] clearing-house is suggested as a solution of the difficulty. Does this mean free-love at last!

* * *

A medical journal informs us that wasps are [illegible] powerless to sting anyone holding his breath. If [illegible] wasps and bees will send us a postcard when they [illegible] to sting us, we shall be happy to put this [illegible] the test.

* * *

"Spending is a finer art and much more difficult than earning."—(Miss Lucy Yates at the Woman's Press League.) We are sceptical, but nevertheless, if Miss [illegible] is ready to provide the means, we are quite prepared to [illegible] the experiment.

* * *

Dr. A. E. Thomas: "The fact is, there is no [illegible] of nursery milk, just as there is no definition of [illegible]. The only definite thing we know about sausage is [illegible] company with a woman's age and how to read a [illegible] we must not enquire about it.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of [illegible] drawings which have appeared in this journal, we [illegible] necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures [illegible] may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the [illegible] which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in *Modern Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their own peril. The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

The Editor will be pleased to consider Short Stories, which should be humorous or topical in tone, from 700 to [illegible] words in length. Stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed in case of rejection.

TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE OF A GENTLEMAN SPENDING HIS FIRST NIGHT AT AN ALPINE RESORT.

shame of loving; woman the shame of [illegible] gaged to.

[illegible] of putting more immodesty into refus- [illegible] giving one.

All girls are alike except the one you happen to be en-

It is easier to love some women than to have to tell them why you do.

IN STAGELAND.

"After The Girl," at the Gaiety, is certainly in luck's way! You may remember I was grousing last week that Mr. George Edwardes had developed a tendency to distribute our familiar Gaiety favourites all over the face of London, to the detriment of this, the principal British temple of musical comedy. Hard on the encouraging fact of Emmy Wehlen's approaching return comes the news that Will Evans—dear, wheezy, happy Bill Evans—has been engaged and will join the cast soon after Easter. We are to have a larger orchestra, and, subject to the Lord Chamberlain's permission, smoking will be allowed in all parts, except the dress circle.

* * *

Never did good music and occasional individual brilliance so successfully relieve a production of the destroying effects of bad libretto, very banal lyric-writing, and a generally poor cast as in this case of "After The Girl," as at present constituted. Mlle. Caumont and Mabel Sealby are giants indeed, yet even the latter's bravest success, and an excellent number it is, should have been labelled "by kind permission of Miss Vesta Tilley," as it is entirely and absolutely Miss Tilley's own business very cleverly presented. You know, this wretched revue influx tends to push the best that is in variety on to the legitimate stage, which is the very best thing that revue can claim for its own. I am speaking, of course, exclusively of the jerry-built productions that are poisoning our twice-nightly stages to such an extent these evenings.

MAIDIE SCOTT.

* *

Even the Victoria Palace does not seem to be able to hold them at arm's length. "Just My Luck!" although superior to nine-tenths of the disgraceful stuff that is accepted mutely to-day, is not up to this house's splendid standard.

* *

By-the-way, Maidie Scott was in trouble there the other evening. Maidie has a really very good number, entitled "The Naughty Little Bird in Nellie's Hat." Some hilarious friend of her's in the audience, which was as crowded as usual, detected a serious shortcoming in the metre of the last line of every verse (which runs as above) and added "Pom Pom" of his own accord. This so wore on the lady's nerves that, in spite of a vociferous and sympathetic ovation, she begged the audience to excuse her as the interrupter had thoroughly disturbed her. She persisted, so we didn't hear much of her refreshing act on this occasion.

* * *

George Foster, the well-known variety agent, has arranged to bring the Ober-Ammergau passion play to London with the members of the original caste. When I remember the annual excursion of clergyman's wives, churchwardens, and the small army of spiritual-minded people who make the journey annually to see a cobbler undertaking the rôle of The Godhead in the exclusively scriptural pageantry practised at Ober-Ammergau, I marvel greatly and wonder what peculiar condition of things is responsible for the fact that a variety agent should be permitted to exploit (I don't suppose religious motives go all the way in this case) such a super-production. It would, however, never be [illegible] in its present form on any British stage, and may[be] another bid for the censorial discussion which has [given] such a valuable thing to so many productions recently.

* * *

Mr. Maurice Francis, Princess Bariatinsky's the Ambassador's Theatre, tells me that "Anna Karenina" will move from there to the Scala on Easter Monday matinée, and will remain there till further notice. The Scala, together with its Urban Kinema ventures, has suffered of late very severely from the slump which, of course, was inevitable on the rising of the flood of cheap kinema shows all over the kingdom, and Lydia Yavorska will restore to this pretty theatre a great deal of its lost dignity.

WAL LANGTRY.

* *

I wonder if I am correct in surmising that Miss Ethel Cadman, who was such a desirable feature of the successful "Come [illegible] revue at the London Opera House, breaks a variety vocalist pure and simple. At the [illegible] week she detracted very much from an ot[herwise] act by announcing her own songs. "My next will [be] much in the manner of one who wishes to give an [imitation] of a famous personality by the manipulation of a some false hair with suitable music. Miss Cadman's is a type of "act" of which we want to see much more, and I beg that she may take my kindly hint.

JACK LORIMER. (Victoria Palace)

* *

Another good act on the same bill is Jackson's Sixteen English Dancers. Excellent dancers, too, but why sing? It certainly proves that they are most indubitably English. In fact they are indeed very, well—er—London! They are not vocalists, and that's another quite kindly hint as their act is so much stronger when they feature dancing only, as was their wont before they acquired a bad vocal habit in Mr. Eustace Gray's successful revue, "I Do Like Your Eyes." It was this dancing group, by the way, that featured the step-dancing with the curtain lifted only a few inches above the ankles, which the Press a wonderful new stunt of the irrepressible Way certainly did use it, but Jackson's Dancers were in variety by years to my own knowledge. W. B.

ON HIRE.

the old days, before horses had yielded entire supre- to the ubiquitous motor-car, the Hon. Gerald Stapleton to tell a story of how he was once mistaken for a 's servant.

ple said that when he drove his own special car, which gli nothing much to look at yielded to none in perfec- of construction and possibility of speed, he rather ed the appearance of a chauffeur with leather coat eaked cap, and there was a legend that once when driv- unknown visitor to [illegible], he had offered [illegible] as a useful gratuity that he was tipping the [illegible] Hawkes, Sir,"—and no one enjoyed more than he the embarrassment on the wretched visitor's face, when terwards smilingly greeted him as Lord Meechamp's nd heir!

was midday on a beautiful Saturday in June. London t its best, and crowds of gaily dressed people thronged Street. Stapleton's car was drawn up close to the and as he sat in the driver's seat waiting for a man [illegible] goings and comings were distinctly unreliable, the amused himself by watching numbers of society e well known to him pass without the slightest recog- on their part. As a rule, people do not eagerly faces of chauffeurs, and Stapleton enjoyed the tful privilege of seeing without being seen. There was match on at Ranelagh, and all the world and his were bound for the famous grounds. It amused Staple- see the way the various people he knew had "sorted elves out," as he expressed it. There was the Hon. Agars—whom her patrician mother had persistently n at his head for two seasons past—bestowing the coy looks he had experienced so often on a man account he well knew to be on the debit side of the r.

[illegible] the beautiful Mrs. Larkspur, that fasci- ow who had pursued him with every wile known for the last six months. To-day she was looking istinctly bad temper, and snapping and snarling at a -looking companion, as they waited for a taxi. ers of these horseless carriages had, with their usual erations for the public, decided to go "on strike" very height of the season, and there was considerable lty in [illegible] taxis on a day when everybody seemed [illegible] move. More than one agitated lady held up ing finger to him, but Stapleton invariably shook ead. For one awful moment Gerald thought Mrs. was going to lift a beautifully gloved hand. He his cap further over his face, and inwardly shivered. he done so, he could hardly hope to escape recognition, illy nilly she would have made him drive her to her ation. The lovely widow looked helplessly round; as Cockney enough to notice the absence of the r," on the car, which she recognised as private, thout ever even looking at the chauffeur, or supposed

is nothing for it but a 'bus," he heard her say to the companion, as they crossed the street. ald heaved a sigh of relief. do like economy in women," he said smilingly to lf.

lady and her companion were hardly out of sight, Stapleton saw a girl frantically waving to him from street. A string of cars and one or two motor prevented her immediate crossing, but when she near he discovered she was extremely pretty, and her as dainty as a daisy.

ill you drive to Ranelagh as quickly as ever you can, she said breathlessly, "I've missed my friends, and they must have gone on without me."

erwards Gerald could never tell what made him "take re," but he meekly nodded his head, the girl jumped he body of the car, and in less time than it takes to it they were running more quickly down Piccadilly the police force had any idea of.

much is it, please?" said the girl on their arrival gates.

ever mind that, Miss. Find your friends, and you can e afterwards."

h, but I have money!" And she held up a minute purse. "Oh dear, how ever shall I find them?" and ooked anxiously at the crowded enclosure.

xcuse me Miss, but would you accept of my help? You being young, and, excuse me Miss, pretty, might meet with annoyance. Now if I could be of any assistance to you, I could easily leave my car—I mean taxi—with a pal here, and try and help you to find your friends."

For a moment Daisy Mayne looked surprised, offended—then something in the honest blue eyes looking into hers won her confidence and she said gratefully:

"You are very kind. I—I suppose people would just take you for my chauffeur?"

"Exactly, Miss. What else?"

It required some skill to pass through the gates without her noticing the voucher so well-known to the officials, who obsequiously touched their hats, an action fortunately unnoticed by Daisy.

"Might I ask who it is you're looking for, Miss? I know a good many nobs by sight."

"My aunt, Lady Fitzhemming."

(Sakes alive! The very woman whose house he was to dine at that evening, "to meet a niece from the country"—and this must be the very girl!)

"Do you know her?" asked Daisy, anxiously; "by sight, I mean?"

"Oh yes, Lor' bless you, Miss. Driven her many a time!"

This gave Miss Mayne quite a feeling of confidence in his protection. He seemed almost like a family servant. Surely when her august aunt so often engaged his services he must be all right.

She stole a look at her protector as they walked over the lawns together. He had really very nice blue eyes.

Stapleton looked studiously in front of him. He had no wish to be recognised by some officious friend. He made his way straight to the luncheon tent.

"The old girl usually has a good twist, she's probably there," he said to himself. But in vain did they look for the portly figure of her ladyship among the crowd.

"Now I fancy you're hungry, aren't you? It's nearly two o'clock. What do you say to a bit for ourselves? I beg your pardon, Miss"—seeing her astonished look—"but I'm that hungry, and I thought it might be better than leaving you alone."

Daisy had never guessed before what an extrordinary knowledge of culinary matters a chauffeur could possess. She had never eaten a daintier, more appetising lunch, and even to her uncritical taste the champagne seemed something better than ordinary. Surely chauffeurs must do remarkably well in tips if they fared as sumptuously every day, but she had come to the conclusion long ago that this was no ordinary chauffeur.

Before lunch was over they seemed quite old friends. She told him of her coming to London, how by a misunderstanding she had missed her aunt in Bond Street, and what a good time she hoped to have before she went back to that country vicarage, to which Gerald inwardly resolved she would never return—permanently.

And he almost forgot his assumed accent, the "Miss" came less frequently, he even found himself looking unutterable things into these frightened grey eyes which looked at him so appealingly.

They had just finished their ices, and he had called for liqueurs with coffee and dessert, when a loud exclamation interrupted Daisy's account of what she did every day at home.

"Daisy!" said Lady Fitzhemming's voice in a crescendo of horror, "where *have* you been? Gerald!"—and the voice became a scream.

Explanations ensued, and—well—the Hon. Gerald's income ran into four very comfortable figures, and Lady Fitzhemming was no fool.

"Why did you make out you were a chauffeur?" asked Daisy, reproachfully, as they walked towards the grand stand.

"I never said so. You simply took it for granted."

"You must have thought me an absolute ass"—and she blushed furiously.

"I shall tell you later what I thought of you," he whispered as he helped her up the steps.

And that evening saw the most successful dinner-party Lady Fitzhemming had given that season; at least Gerald Stapleton had never enjoyed one there so much hitherto.

And before the end of the season—well, everyone said "What a clever matchmaker Lady Fitzhemming is!"

MRS. IRWIN SMART.

WITH MOTOR-CYCLE AND CAR.

Of all the vehicles now on the road none is more fascinating than the modern motor-cycle. The acme of efficiency, a bye-word in economy, it is a delight to own and to drive. Seated on its springy saddle you may roar up hill and glide down dale. It will take you through traffic at three miles an hour; a moment later a tiny turn of the throttle lever the speedometer regi-ters "forty"- and it is hurtling through lanes and byeways, leaving the hustle and bustle of the city every minute further behind.

* * *

But the motor-cycle is evidently for the young and the athletic. Gout and "nerves" do not mix well with the fastest wheels that flaunt the roads. If it is comfort—sheer comfort and absolute safety—that you are looking for, discard the cycle or the side-car combination from your mind and turn your eyes towards the cycle-car. The cycle-car is really the world's newest vehicle, and it owes its birth to the motor-cycle. Originally indeed it was merely an edition of the latter on three or four wheels. The modern cycle-car which, however, is still largely in the experimental stage, is very different from its fore-runners. As you lean back, sinking into those luxurious cushions with hands on the steering wheel and body seemingly rocked in a hammock—so excellent is the springing—you might well imagine that your's was one of Britain's cars de luxe. But there's a difference in the bill. In place of the six or seven hundred pounds initial expenditure your bank account will only have to stand a drain of a hundred or so. Then there's the upkeep, which, including depreciation, tyres, petrol, oil and replacements, need not exceed twopence a mile, and will often cost less. The mileage recorder will indicate "forty" before a gallon of petrol has been used, and other expenses will be in proportion. Here a word of warning. Don't be gulled into buying high-powered foreign cars just because they only cost a few pounds more. A British-made article always commands a ready market when the time comes to discard it, and the smaller the car the cheaper the upkeep.

* * *

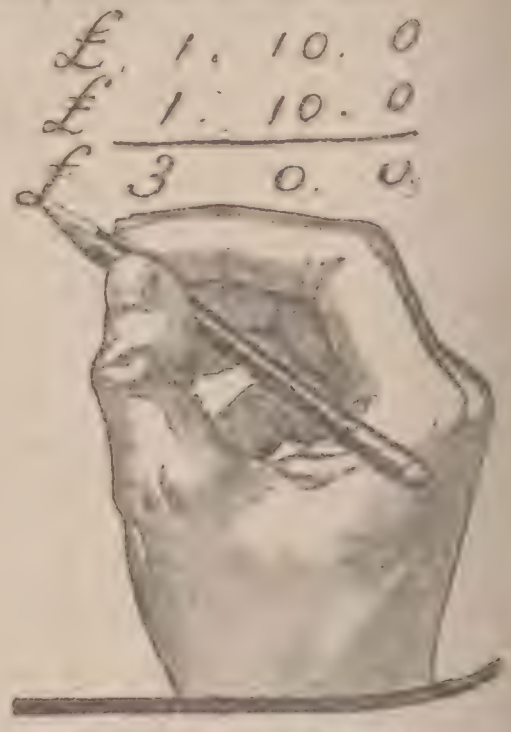
Now the true cycle-car is fitted with motor-cycle transmission, and is built on motor-cycle lines. Some have three wheels, but the great majority closely resemble in appearance the ordinary automobile. One or two of the "three wheelers" are exceedingly reliable, and the cost of their upkeep need not exceed that of a "combination." They may be had at all prices from about £75 upwards, and are very easily managed. Tiller steering, a two-speed gear, hood and screen are fitted to most models, and the engines are air-cooled. The chief disadvantage is that the back wheel is somewhat inaccessible.

* * *

The light car is really a motor-car in miniature, and is on the whole more reliable than the cycle-car. It costs anything up to £200, and the petrol consumption is comparatively low. Water-cooling is invariably adopted, and while this is more complicated than the air system its efficiency is undeniable and will no doubt be universally utilised by all classes of car manufacturers in the near future. Many old-established motor-car manufacturers have lately been turning their attention to the light car industry, and have produced "baby" models of their big cars. These "babies" will do practically anything that their big brothers are capable of—and at a much lower cost. Moreover, they have a name behind them, which cannot be said of some of the "miniatures" which have been appearing in such large numbers on the market.

* * *

There is a decided boom in light cars and cycle-cars, and this—as is the case with the little motor-cyclettes—has produced many "mushroom" manufacturers, who recognise to the full the capabilities of a smart advertisement writer. When rubber was booming, the two shilling shares of companies owning estates entirely innocent of a rubber tree fetched a pound and more apiece. So it is with miniature cars. People want quick deliveries, and in their anxiety to get going—as the Americans say—often buy a car of a more or less untried and unknown make. Prospective purchasers should secure the advice of a large motor repairer who will probably be well acquainted with the defects and attractions of the various cars on the market. After obtaining his opinion it is best to arrange a trial run on the chosen car before finally coming to a decision. This is particularly desirable in the case of tall men who otherwise may have difficulty in suitably disposing of their legs in the restricted space available on some cars.



ARE YOU A

"DOUBLER"?

WHAT does that mean?
It means a great deal.
It means a great deal to YOU.

It means—are you doing anything to double your ... of success? To double your earnings?

You can be a Doubler if you determine to be so.

Trained ability is at least double as sure of success as ... trained ability, and at least double as sure of Better Pay.

Be a Doubler; double your chances by training ... for your work.

The I.C.S. will make YOU a Doubler, as it has made ... many others. Here is an example from one of many I.C.S. Doublers:—

"I am very pleased to be able to inform you that I have been successful in securing a better position. I have increased prospects of success in the future, and

MY WAGES HAVE BEEN INCREASED BY 100 PER CENT.

"I shall always have pleasure in recommending ... Schools to anyone who wishes to secure for himself promotion and better pay.—R. D. Boagey, West Hartlepool.

The same opportunity to become a "Doubler" is open to YOU. The I.C.S. will go to you wherever you live, and will train you in your own home and spare time for Success.

What better proof could be given of the practical and profitable nature of the training given by the I.C.S. than the fact that during 1913 over 3,400 students of the Schools obtained promotion and better or secured new positions?

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE?

The International Correspondence Schools give ... practical, up-to-date, "salary-raising" training in Book-keeping, Advertising, Salesmanship, Electrical Engineering, Gas Power Engineering, Motor Engineering, ... Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, ... Steam Engineering, Heating and Ventilating, ... Building, Mining, Chemistry, Textile Manufacturing, ... trating, Designing, Agriculture, Poultry Farming, etc.

Also French, German, Spanish and Italian.

Write to us and we will send you a copy of ... Booklet, with full particulars of I.C.S. "Sala... Training, also a copy of the new Booklet, "... Successes."

Name .....

Address .....

Present Occupation .....

Position Desired .....

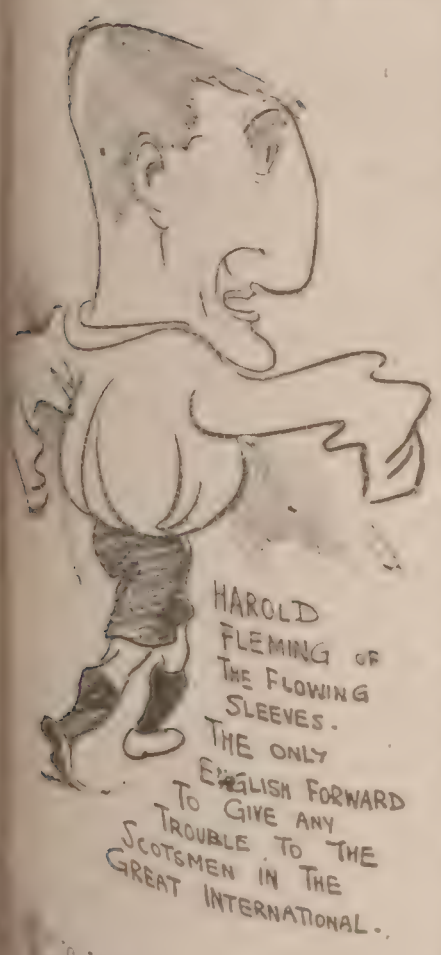
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SC...

13m, INTERNATIONAL BUILDINGS, KIN...
LONDON, W.C.

(To avoid delay please use our FULL add...

MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

[illegible] the football season, so far as Scot[illegible]s come and gone, and England has [illegible]n by 3 goals to 1, and all the land of cakes is rejoicing. It was a gift match for Scotland on the part of the English selection committee. Men out of form were chosen for sentimental reasons, and prejudice kept other men out of the side.


HAROLD FLEMING OF THE FLOWING SLEEVES. THE ONLY ENGLISH FORWARD TO GIVE ANY TROUBLE TO THE SCOTSMEN IN THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL.

Hardy was all right for goal, and he did well; no one could grumble at Crompton at right back, but Pennington, his partner, never ought to have been picked, and in the field he was the weakest unit in the side. The half-backs were all bad, even McCall at centre, after playing well in the first half, fading away to nothing. Seeing how well little Wedlock played against Wales McCall's choice was a blunder from the start. That of Sturgess at right half was an outrage. He has been [illegible]e hate back for Sheffield United for months, and [illegible]ing back for his club. I felt sincerely sorry [illegible]e last half hour or so of the match, when the [illegible]wards were fooling him to make fun for the

[illegible] much of Pennington's proper work to do not attend to his own duties. He, too, had a [illegible]ing up in the second half. Why is it that [illegible]rds, when they have well won a game, always [illegible]urday. gallery, especially against England? They have [illegible]e and again, but rarely so completely as they did

[illegible] England had one man going for them, Fleming, [illegible] expert. [illegible] Swindon [illegible]ford and Smith [illegible] left wing were [illegible]es, Hamm[illegible] [illegible]centre [illegible]

[illegible] say, [illegible] the outside [illegible]ividuals, with [illegible] of time, and [illegible]s judgment. [illegible] and never learn it, and I know that some of our [illegible] committee are of that type. You can tell it [illegible] you chat with them. Jealousy and prejudice, and [illegible]t favouritism count for too much with some of these people, who, estimable enough in other ways, lose their heads over football, and err unconsciously.

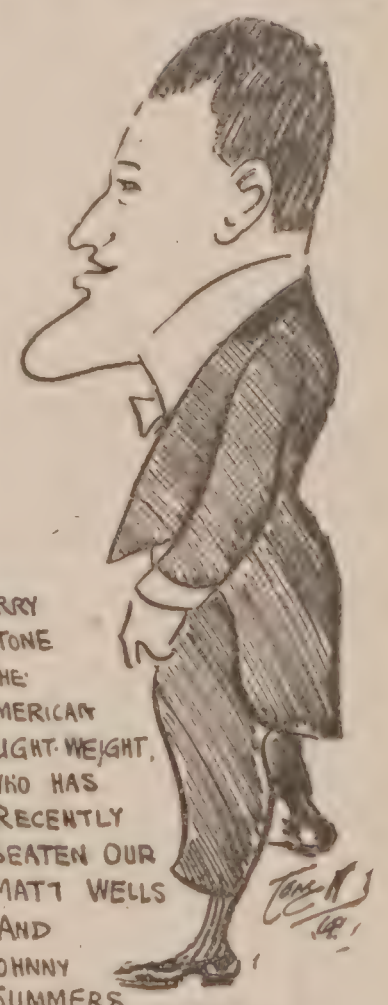
Scotland are always out for the best team, and despite local opposition they generally manage to get it. If they had to pick eleven Anglo-Scots—Scots playing with English clubs—they would do it. They gradually built up a great side this year, and from Donnachie, of Oldham, at outside left, to Brownlie, of Third Lanark, in goal, there was not a weak spot. I don't think I ever saw a better balanced side in the field. The greatest strength was undoubtedly in the half-back line, where Gordon, Thomson, and Hay were splendid, both in attack and defence.

THE DETERIORATION IN ENGLISH FOOTBALL.

The wretched split has been responsible for the great deterioration in English football. League play has developed on stereotyped lines, and a plan of attack has developed a plan of defence, and so unless we get a very weak side against a very strong one scoring is of a negligible quantity. I will give you cases in point. Several times in the last few seasons a forward has made a debut with a league club, and has off his own boot scored three or four goals. Why? Because he has done the thing that was not expected, in other words he did not play orthodox league football.

LACK OF INDIVIDUALITY.

When we had the Corinthians playing about the best football in England they could hold their own with any club, and they once beat Bury in the Charity Shield match by 10 to 1, after the Lancastrians had won the English Cup. Now Bury must have learnt something from that defeat of the value of pace and individuality. In modern football the individual is sunk in the side, and there is no room for Cobbolds and Fosters, and Dunns, and G.O.'s Seven years of play without the best of the amateurs taking part, has done English football incalculable harm, and we can all hope for a strong Corinthian side next year. But it will take two or three years to regain our old prestige.



THE GREATEST FORWARD.

Lacey, the man who has made Ireland this year, is an individualist of the first water. Yet he was dropped from Everton as useless, and when an Everton director joined the Liverpool board he could not understand Lacey's greatness, but Lacey himself has made his position secure. I rank him as the greatest forward playing in English football to-day.

BOXING.

Truly the lot of champion boxers is cast in pleasant places these days. Georges Carpentier was offered £8,000 and then £10,000 for three matches in Australia, by Mr. "Snowy" Baker, but is standing out for £12,000, and moreover wants to know his opponents. Meanwhile the management of the Liverpool Stadium are offering a purse of £4,500 for a match between Carpentier and Gunboat Smith for the white heavy-weight championship of the world. And still nothing definite is fixed up. Mr. "Snowy" Reginald Baker refereed the Wells and Lurie match, but is better known to fame as the opponent of J. W. H. T. Douglas in the final of the Olympic middle-weights in London in 1908. Douglas won, but Baker did not like the decision.

Bombardier Wells is also having many offers made him for matches. Jeanette, Savage, Rice, Sullivan, and others have been mentioned, and purses offered, but Wells, or rather the people behind Wells, are strangely reticent, and nothing definite has been done. Wells was challenged by both Dick Smith, the English light-heavy-weight champion, and Jim Savage, last Thursday night, before [illegible] match with Lurie, the Frenchman.

GOLF.

Golf began for the season with the big match at Sandy Lodge in which Vardon and Duncan played Braid and Taylor over 36 holes, each side playing 18 holes with the gutta ball. Now, in a way, the match proved nothing except that in the hands of such great exponents the gutta is something about four strokes to the round inferior to the rubber core.

The one thing the match did prove is that as a pair Vardon and Duncan can beat any combination. They had first use of the rubber core, and stood five up at the end of the round. In the afternoon when they had to play with the gutta they steadily lost holes until the eleventh when Taylor and Braid had squared the match. Then came a win at the twelfth for the rubber core, and it seemed that the only question was how many would the rubber core win by. But one down with six to go Duncan pulled out some wonderful play, and by good putting won the next two holes and, with the last two halved, Vardon and Duncan triumphed by one hole. It was a wonderful match and an astounding finish. In the driving tests the distance between the longest rubber core shot (279yds. 2ft. 4in.), and the longest with the gutta was Duncan's (240yds. 1ft. 4in.). There is thus about 40 yards in it in favour of the modern ball, and many modern two-shot holes of 350 to 400 yards are made three shot affairs to the moderate player, for he would be a good man who would get consistently 180 yards from the tee, and 150 for a good second.

The game of night golf played on Saturday at Bushey Hall, by D. S. Froy and Batley, against W. G. Aston and Ray, was in every way a success, but expense would prevent many matches of the kind. Four motor car headlights carried by four caddies were used, and it was said that the flight of the ball could be followed for fully 150 yards. The round took three hours and 20 minutes to play, and only one ball was lost, Ray driving out of bounds at the eighth. Batley and Froy won by 4 up and 2 to play, Batley taking 79 for the round and Ray 81. This, like the gutta ball match, proved nothing, except that golf is possible under such conditions, but who wants to take double time over a game of golf.

GEORGE DUNCAN AND HARRY VARDON.
WINNERS OF THE GUTTY BALL V RUBBER CORE MATCH.

Right up to the last thing there was opposition to Gordon Barry playing for Oxford against Cambridge in the inter-'Varsity golf match. The fact that he had played for Cambridge in 1900 and 1907 was held to debar him from playing for Oxford, where he is now in residence, but the 'Varsity authorities thought otherwise, and after all it is their affair and has nothing to do with irresponsible people on the outside. Barry, by the way, holds the unique record of having won the amateur championship in 1905 when only nineteen years of age. He was beaten in both matches and yet Oxford won. The victory was due to the failure of the Cambridge tail, and it is also suggested that some special wooden clubs, introduced into the Oxford team by Sherlock, had something to do with the result.

The first of the district champions is Jack Ross, the popular little pro at Parklangley, who secured the hollowest of victories in the Kent championship at Beckenham, with 149 for the two rounds.

New and Wonderful Discovery.

NOW IS THE BEST TIME OF THE YEAR FOR THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA LUMBAGO, LOSS OF ENERGY, DEPRESSION.

NO ailments of the human body have baffled the efforts of medical science so much as Rheumatic and Nervous Troubles. Drugs have absolutely failed, as sufferers from rheumatic and nervous troubles know to their bitter cost.

Doctors, scientists, and wealthy sufferers now know that the only successful methods are those of Electricity. Doctors recommend them to all their patients who are able to spare the time and money for this form of treatment. That such treatment is temporarily successful there is no doubt, but the benefit is very short-lived, and the patient must take the treatment at frequent intervals, involving constantly-recurring expense.

The problem before medical scientists has been how to get rid of these drawbacks, and it will be of great interest to readers to have the following particulars of the discovery at last of a method of perfecting the hitherto only partly successful Electric Treatment, so as to make it—

1. *Inexpensive,*
2. *Continuous,* and
3. *Permanently Curative.*

Galvopad Insoles Banish Pain and Depression Quickly.

Wear them in your shoes. Then will work for you all the while you work, play, or rest; while you walk or sit; indoors and out of doors. And no one need know anything except that you look like a new man or woman after a few days' use.

The inventor has named his discovery of the "Galvopad Insoles" after Galvani, the famous scientist who discovered Galvanism, or Galvanic Electricity. This Galvanic current has been proved by scientists to be the form of energy most akin to what is known as "Animal (human) Electricity." It is the lack of this human electricity that gives rise to such distressing health conditions.

If you are a sufferer you do not need to be informed that you feel the lack of this subtle element of life, this "something" that is responsible for the moving of the wheels of your life.

Try to imagine, then, the importance of this valuable discovery of [illegible] sluggish ever, is proveme[illegible] a [illegible] INSOL[illegible] a series foot ba[illegible] feet, and the insole shoes) and stocking[illegible]

The SOLES —what [illegible] *continuou[illegible]* that [illegible] throughou[illegible] nerves of *shock* is ceedingly sensation easily metal c[illegible]

This may to be tru[illegible] the low pr[illegible] the GAL[illegible] is taken i[illegible]

The [illegible] INSOLES plain wrap[illegible] post, on [illegible] order (st[illegible] [illegible] La[illegible] (Postal Or[illegible]

GALVOPAD CO[illegible]

(Dept. M)

199, STRA[illegible] W.C.

ANCE & ASSURANCE.

bard Street, the world's principal monetary mart, dered practically certain that money will be cheap ant for some time to come. A further reduc- e Bank Rate is probable at an early date, some ary outlook as so favourable that there f the Rate being reduced to 2 per cent. the limit which it never falls. As everybody knows, te usually results in increased Stock Ex- Quite naturally. For when money is market, and the Banks will give their cus- or no interest on the money they have lying promptly seek a legitimate return on their g them into investment or speculative chan-

* * *

he next boom, sir?" This is a question that is now asking, everybody is anxious for a period activity after the prolonged stagnation dur- the average stockbroker or jobber has not been ake expenses, while many have been obliged to eir membership fees. Some look to Oil, Rub- en Kaffirs for the galvanisation of the market, cal veterans remember that these are all mar- a past so lurid that the speculative public are ikely to be attracted.

* * *

Market men, both in Throgmorton Street and nes of Mark and Mincing, are inclined to think onuts may ultimately provide this stimulative The Coconut and Copra industry, which is now £75,000,000 per annum, is practically new, so gards the share market; there is absolutely no down; its potentialities are vast; Copra has ily rising, with the exception of one temporary for some time past. Many think Copra (the of the coconut) will go to £40 per ton, as com- the present price of about £29. About four the quotation was about £18 per ton. This is that we shall watch, for it is likely to offer many ies for profitable investment, just as Rubber did s before the "boom" to those who "got in" and at the psychological moments.

* * *

nand , if they could be judged on intrinsic merits, g support, for in many instances they cent. on the basis of last year's divi- current market prices. Even such a gilt-edged s "Brums" (London and North Western) yields r cent. Yet investors are hesitating before buy- easons which may be summarised as follows: (1) nditions. (2) Possible labour troubles. (3) Unsettle- the coalminers. A railway strike in 1915 is being discussed as a strong possibility. Happily, ors of English companies have assumed ional Union of Railwaymen a friendly, con- which is likely to facilitate the establish- maintenance between Capital and Labour of cable ns without which permanent peace for our railways must remain impossible.

* * *

icy of the Rubber magnates, under the leadership arles Lampard, has been for some time past most for the shareholders, who have seen their securi- o rubbish prices. In the shaping of the mag- sonal policy the interests of the poor shareholders have been quite overlooked or regarded as of ghtest importance, so long as the magnates could r control of the market and of the shareholders' Some of these magnates have even been "bear- own shares and thus intensifying the losses suf- he shareholders.

* * *

...ne price of Rubber is showing a rising ten- eping pace with the increased supply. Manufac- e taking the plantation commodity more freely, s a shortage of Para Rubber. On the other hand, have been substantially reduced by many of companies. This improved position should eneficial effect on the share market, so that after ys shareholders may reasonably hope to see ain a more cheerful level. But they will not hank the Rubber magnates. On the contrary.

Modern Life does not recommend *any* shares, companies, groups, or financial houses. We are, however, always anxious to assist subscribers and readers in everything connected with their investments and general financial, banking and assurance business. Having a well-organised Intelligence Department we can furnish them, gratis, with all the necessary information to enable them to form sound opinions regarding the desirability or otherwise of any such transactions they may have under consideration.

* * *

Long experience has convinced us that this is the most satisfactory procedure to adopt. For, usually, an investor has concerning his personal financial position, his object in investing and his general prospects, information that he may not be prepared to impart to a stranger, but which would powerfully influence his financial transactions.

On the other hand, our subscribers and readers should never hesitate to consult us, for we can often furnish them gratuitously. with such "inside" information as may save them from serious mistakes and even losses. The old maxim, "Let the buyer beware," should never be forgotten in finance. There are so many astute, wily "financiers" anxious to annex the hard-earned savings of the thrifty man, who may not have the time or experience necessary to deal with their alluring circulars, etc., which should be sent to us for analysis and advice. Special point: Consult us *before* buying.

* * *

While the opportunities for profitable investment are frequent and tempting, we think many people with moderate capital are apt to overlook the advantages of Assurance, by which they can make their future safe, save a specific sum periodically, provide themselves with pensions, arrange a good education for their children, and secure other financial advantages. There is a vital point about Assurance which merits special consideration—everything can be calculated; foreseen and *guaranteed* according to the policy. No surprises; no sudden disasters; no failures providing the best office be selected. And the strongest and wealthiest company can invariably guarantee its clients the most advantageous terms.

* * *

One of the most remarkable features of Assurance is that certain companies can do so much better for their clients than others. Most of the leading offices have each some specially attractive, profitable combinations—Endowment, Whole Life, Annuities or Limited Payment policies. Take the case of annuities. One company only allows at age of 60 £81 16s. 8d. for every £1,000 of purchase money deposited, while the Post Office offers £87. But there is one strong, wealthy office which gives £97 per £1,000 with equal security, owing to its greater success in management, and its enhanced interest-earning capacity.

* * *

Those who may be contemplating any Assurance transaction may depend upon securing from our expert complete and impartial information concerning the leading offices and their policies. It is scarcely necessary to add that all letters concerning the offices of Assurance affairs are regarded in *Modern Life* as absolutely confidential. Letters should be marked: "Assurance Expert," and contain a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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The Curse!

News for :: ::
Safety Razor Users.

HOW many users of safety razors have not cursed the necessity of taking them to pieces and wiping them clean and dry after use? Some makes, of course, claim not to need the process; but if it is not done you soon get a rusty, dirty, dull-edged implement that is no use to anybody. There is now available to the millions of safety razor users all over the country a most ingenious little invention which does away with the necessity for taking the razor to pieces every time and wiping it dry. It is a special kind of bath, and after shaving you simply drop your razor into it, just as it is. The bath, which contains a chemical preparation, effectually sterilizes it, keeps the whole razor bright and clean, and greatly improves the edge of the blades, causing them to retain their keen edge for at least two months. Old blades allowed to soak in this bath will be found to 'pick up' in astonishing fashion. The outfit costs only eighteen-pence, and should save its cost in blades, time, and temper within a week.

THE RAZOR.

We have a safety razor at a shilling that will beat any at present on the market, no matter what price. We absolutely guarantee this, and are quite willing to send it, and if you are not completely satisfied, will at once return your money, with 6d. added to cover your expenses.

A LITTLE SUM.

You pay at least 2d. to be shaved.
Four shaves at 2d. equals 8d.
You tip the Barber one penny.
Four tips at 1d. equals 4d.
Total = 1s.
Our Razor costs one shilling.
Therefore it pays for itself in four shaves.

WE ARE GUN MAKERS

Therefore we know something about steel, and it is in this that the secret of our razor lies; just give it a trial, and if it does not give you the most delightful shave you ever had in your life, don't be afraid to let us know. We stand by our offer to the letter.

We will send you The Bath and Razor for 2s. 6d., and bear postage ourselves.

CHARLES RIGGS & Co., LTD.,

GUN MAKERS,

107, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

After the quiet week's racing prior to [illegible] have the usual plethora of fixtures on [illegible] Monday, when tens of thousands of holiday patronise the sport at Kempton Park, Birmingham, Manchester, and other less notable [illegible]. The most interesting event on Easter Monday is the Queen's Prize at Kempton Park. This [illegible] a very interesting affair, and Monday's contest [illegible] even more attractive than usual as a record field [illegible] to be seen out. The acceptance was a very strong [illegible] and no fewer than thirty-one stables can be represented [illegible].

The Liverpool Cup form has worked out [illegible] than that of the horses that competed in the Lincoln handicap, and it will not be surprising if [illegible] throws much light on Monday's result. None of [illegible] that finished behind Outram in the Lincoln [illegible] the time of writing, won a race, although Sir Cuthbert Mediator, Brancepeth and [illegible] few who were lanced for the Carholme [illegible] had a chance of redeeming themselves. [illegible] Wrack, who was runner-up to China Cock at [illegible] has since won the Newbury Spring Cup, and more [illegible] Bonfire, who spoilt his chance at the start at Aintree, secured the Nottingham Spring Handicap.

By this form it will be seen that China Cock may [illegible] up his runaway victory in the Liverpool Cup [illegible] on Monday, as even with a 5lb. penalty [illegible] to only 9st. China Cock has not, however, [illegible] himself on any other course than Liverpool. [illegible] for instance, the son of Santoi—High Feather [illegible] twice in fifteen attempts, and both occasions [illegible] Mr. Nelke with winning brackets were at [illegible] Bonfire was so badly left at the post in the Liverpool [illegible] it is impossible to compare his chance with [illegible] Cock. Bonfire was well fancied that day, and [illegible] quent easy win in the Nottingham Spring Handicap [illegible] other day suggests that he might have made a [illegible] it with China Cock had he got on the [illegible] he did last Monday.

Still, CHINA COCK won [illegible] that he should again beat the horses that opposed [illegible] when they meet again on Monday, and he will [illegible] credit Mr. Nelke with his third big success of the [illegible] Farakabad showed useful form at times last year, [illegible] the lightly weighted Solaway may prove a [illegible]

In addition to the Queen's Prize there is [illegible] lent racing at Kempton Park on Monday, when [illegible] Plate may be won by the classic candidate, By Gad; [illegible] Rothschild Welter Handicap by Asparagus, and the [illegible] mond Welter Handicap by Crack o' Doom.

At Newcastle on Monday the Newcastle Spring Handicap may fall to Harvest, the Bentinck Stakes to Dairy Maid, and the Meldon Selling Welter to Southern Cross. On the second day at Gosforth, White Ruby may win the Gosforth Park Three-Year-Old Handicap, Court Park Park Plate, and Cheezi the Elswick Selling Welter. [illegible]

Lake Newmarket, Birmingham [illegible] of the week. On the first day Prim Simon may win the Water Orton Plate, and on Tuesday the Burton Park Old Handicap may fall to Draughtsman, and the Lichfield Handicap to Earl King.

Easter Monday steeplechasing is always popular at Manchester where the valuable Manchester Steeplechase [illegible] be won by Filemon III. In the absence of the Frenchman Controversy II. may [illegible] the [illegible] may be won by Molly's Birthday.

The Craven meeting, which opens the [illegible] at Newmarket, comes up for decision [illegible] Thursday and Friday. On the opening day [illegible] may win the Crawford Plate, Mix Up the Visitors' [illegible] and Pontilly the Long Course Selling Plate. On [illegible] day Kleinfontein should secure the Babraham Plate, [illegible] Colour System the Granby Plate. The Flying [illegible] on Friday may be won by Panasine, and the Maiden [illegible] Year-Old Plate by Holland House.

Alexandra Park concludes the busy week's [illegible] Saturday when the Public Sale [illegible] may [illegible] the Cheque filly.

EAST·WEST
DIAMOND'S BEST

£9,000
AMONG 14 WINNERS

THIS large sum of money has been won by fourteen men, some of whose photographs appear in this advertisement. Four of them won £1,000 each, and ten of them won £500 each.

Remember, Diamond's methods are *always* square and above board. The fact that H. Diamond was the *only* English Firm to be entrusted with the entire sale of the Lucerne St. Paul's Church Lottery Tickets proves this.

H. DIAMOND
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"JOHN BULL" says:—

"We have no reason to modify the favourable view we have formed of Mr. Diamond's methods of business. The more we see of them the more justified we feel in the advice we have given to our readers. H. Diamond's sweepstakes are perfectly genuine."

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FOUR WINNERS OF £1,000 EACH.

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F. C. Papworth, 127, Felsham Road, Putney, London.

THREE WINNERS OF £500 EACH.

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W. Hargrave, Royal Marine Infirmary, Deal.

E. M. Hughes, Tan-Lan, Bethesda, N. Wales.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF OTHER WINNERS OF £500 EACH.

W. H. Blackshaw, The Lea, Denham, Bucks.

H. Colchin, Junr., The Woolpack Inn, Iwade, Sittingbourne, Kent.

A. B. Wyatt, 3, Falmer Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

B. Ainley, 10, Hamilton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

W. H. Cowdery, The Forester's Arms, Coxgreen, Maidenhead.

T. Philips, 34, The Park, Treharris.

F. Smith, 241, High Street, Porth, Glam.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Chatta (at outdoor concert): Isn't it funny when you come to think ——

The Other Man: But I didn't come to think. I came to listen to the music.

* * *

Jones (to tailor): I have called for my new suit.

Tailor: Sorry, but it is not finished.

Jones: But you said you would have it finished if you worked all night.

Tailor: Yes, but I didn't work all night.

* * *

Mistress: My husband, Bridget, is an officer in the Militia.

Bridget: I thought so, ma'am. It's the foine malicious look he has, ma'am.

* * *

Jabber: Brown says he must cut down expenses. Can't afford to keep a wife and five children and a motor car going any longer.

Wock: Can't he get anyone to adopt the children?

* * *

Waitress (at railway station refreshment platform): Do you want to eat this sandwich here or do you want to take it with you?

Gentleman: Both.

* * *

Hodge: I suppose Silas is mad with the fellow wot sold him that 'orse.

Podge: I dunno why he should be. If yer look at the 'orse you wouldn't blame anyone for selling it.

* * *

Mistress: You know, Jane, our gas bill has gone up very much this month. You must have been very extravagant.

Jane: Sure, mum, I try to be as carcful as I can; I never even turn off them burners all the way so as to save the matches.

SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY.

Mistress: "Of course, I don't wish to put any obstacles in the way of your getting married, but I wish it were possible to postpone it until I get another maid."

Mary Ann: "Well, mum, I 'ardly think I know 'im well enough to arsk 'im to put it off."—"Sydney Bulletin."

"You idiot! That lady asked you for flesh-coloured stockings and I saw you offering her black ones."

"Of course; because she is a negress."—Journal Amusant.

PERTINENT QUERY.

"John," said his wife, "you never seem to notice the little things in life. You never appreciate the things I do for you. Only last night I sat up after you had gone to bed and mended a hole in your trousers. Isn't that thoughtful?"

"Say, by the way, how'd you know there was a hole there, huh?"—*Penn State Froth.*

* * *

SOME OF IT.

Editor: You must remember that poetry is a gift.

The Poet: It is; you can't sell it nowadays.—*Idler.*

* * *

CLEAN RECORD.

The artillerist always spoke of his gun in the feminine gender.

"You see, sir, she was never yet silenced!" he explained with glistening eyes.—*Puck.*

ROYAL VICTORIA HALL,
Waterloo Road, S.E.

THE
People's Theatre
(Under the direction of Miss Rosina Filippi).
COMMENCING
EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 13th,
On Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays
FOR FOUR WEEKS.

The first programme will be as follows:—
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."
"ROMEO AND JULIET."
"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"
AND
"CANDIDA."

General Manager . . Gilbert Colona.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Pity the sorrows of the poor tailor-man! And his dis-pleased customers! The warm days we recently had sent the dressy man to his wardrobe to see what was the least—in these bad times—he could do with in new clothes. Then came the cold drizzle and all thought of buying was discouraged. It is only the hope of a sunny May that forces him to do the round of the shops.

* * *

To dress well nowadays requires the exercise of both judgment and caution. The old hard and fast lines separating dress for business-wear from that for pleasuring have gone. We are much less orthodox but more picturesque. Golf-links and motoring have had a subtle effect on fashion. What would the "blood" of a generation back have thought of green and blue trousers? Yet these are popular among the new cloths for summer. If you are tempted by them make your tailor show you them *in the piece*. A small pattern gives but a faint idea of the vivid-ness of the colouring effect. These fancy trouserings should be avoided by the man whose limited purse compels him to wear his suit more or less continuously.

* * *

Checks, again, call for discretion. There is a tendency often to run riot in checks. The boom commenced in caps and has spread downwards. These striking patterns are now found everywhere. Suits, shirts, ties and handkerchiefs almost meet the eye at the passers-by from the shop windows. But if you are to your taste don't choose a small and insignificant pattern, as the larger blend is the more correct.

* * *

On the Stock Exchange the soft double collars are much worn. They should be of white silk with a knitted silk tie. The collars, the flaps of which are joined across the front with a neat safety-pin, look well too.

* * *

Amongst the summer neck-wear novelties I noticed the other day a charming and exceedingly cheap old China silk tie in double over-all silk. The colour is a full blue and the weave is of the fine kind, which is as a rule to be found in the most expensive cravat goods. The designs are varied. The one I saw had a neat pattern. The price is only eighteen-pence.

* * *

Caps are not worn so much as they were, that is to say, amongst the more fashionable classes. Cheap caps still appeal to their thousands, as witness any football crowd. But those who pay some attention to their attire regard caps with increasing disfavour. When they are worn there should be a button on the top; otherwise they smack of the Ark.

* * *

It is extraordinary how, given ten minutes of clear sky, the Faster sees an outbreak of straw hats. If a vote were taken as to the most popular form of head-covering a straw hat would doubtless head the poll.

* * *

The Panama is the rich man's hat. Most of us look long at a guinea before spending it on a tile. And you can give anything from three guineas to thirty for a really good panama. And they easily spoil. But a straw is within the means of all.

* * *

The brim of this season's straw is slightly narrower than before. It should be two and a quarter to two and three-eighths inches wide. The crown is three and one-eighth inches high—which is a trifle taller than last year's. The edge of the brim is rough, as the "saw edge" has a bolder and more striking appearance than the neat smooth edge. One important point to bear in mind is that the black ribbon should be two inches wide, and the bow should be a tied one not a made-up affair. The straw itself should be of a fine plait. "Pedal straw"—that is, the very fine kind—will still be worn by some. There are always those who will dress "like the common herd!"

* * *

It is claimed for the pale grey suède gloves now selling that they are washable. They are a little stouter than the gloves which were fashionable some years back. Compared with the yellows chamois leather gloves they are distinctly useful to look at.

* * *

Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring a prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

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Please accept my thanks for the promptitude in dispatching cheque for £1,500 and for precautions taken by you in safeguarding its receipt by me.

(Signed) Winifred M. Everitt,
7, Admiralty Rd., Portsmouth.

March 28th, 1914.

I received the cheque this morning, value £2,500 with many thanks.

(Signed) G. R. Atkinson,
Hill Top Farm, Fairburn, Ferrybridge, Yorks.

Over £45,000 has been distributed.

The following papers have written complimentary opinions about the TOTALISATOR, LUCERNE:—"Times," "Standard," "Irish Times," "Daily Express," "Irish Independent," "Morning Advertiser," "Globe," "Winning Post," "John Bull," "Sporting Life," "Pall Mall Gazette," "Bradford Daily Telegraph," "London Mail," etc.

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Our readers will no doubt have noticed several interesting new features in our pages during the past few weeks, and the steady increase in our sales induces us to suppose that they have found favour. To those who have hitherto supported us we tender our sincere thanks and we assure them we shall do all in our power to merit the continued support of all readers, old and new.

Modern Life is *the* paper for modern men and women who appreciate good, clean humour, whether expressed in sketch or verse, interesting articles, of authoritative notes on people and facts of public concern.

It is our desire to make our paper still more indispensable, and this week we have great pleasure in introducing to our readers a simple, yet novel, scheme whereby they can secure *Modern Life* for fifty-two weeks without cost to themselves.

We are enabled to make this very remarkable offer owing to the co-operation of the proprietors of The Rembrandt Studios, of Rembrandt House, Fentiman Road, London, S.W., who are desirous of making more widely known their wonderful new Rembrandt Photographic Enlargement process. By their method a really remarkable picture can be reproduced from any photograph, no matter how old and faded. They have entered into an exclusive arrangement with us to supply for a limited period only a beautifully finished enlargement of any photograph sent by *Modern Life* readers, which is accompanied by the coupon printed at the foot of this page, and a remittance to the value of 6s. 6d. (postage and packing 6d. extra), and will, in addition, authorise the reader's newsagent, through the *Modern Life* offices, to deliver a copy of *Modern Life* weekly for fifty-two weeks to his or her address without any further payment whatsoever.

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Whichever it is, the pleasure derived from ... session will be increased a hundredfold when it ... in the form of a Rembrandt Enlargement.

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No extra charge is made even when the Enlargement required consists of a group of figures.

Fill up the coupon and send it to-day, accompanied by the photograph from which the Enlargement is to be made, and a remittance for 6s. 6d., with 6d. for postage and packing. We are confident you will be satisfied with your investment

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